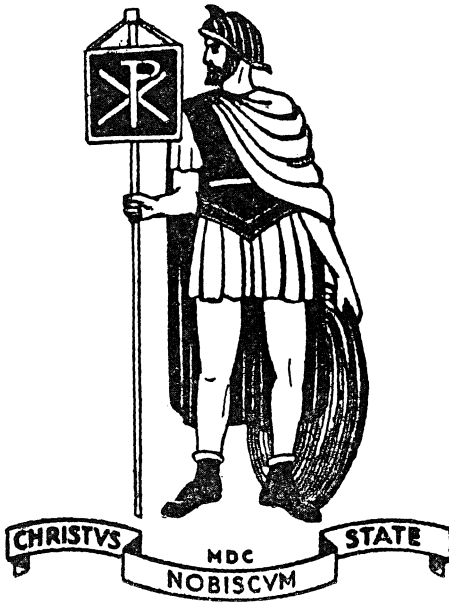


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1958

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 120

JULY, 1958

EDITOR : MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

Sale, Bailey, Lancaster, Jill Burford, Alison Jones, Gillian Clews,
Juliet Ross, Elizabeth Coveney.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

*Jenkins, D. B. (VI), 1955-58.
Clark, P. P. (VB), 1953-58.
Guise, P. A. (VB), 1953-58.
James, J. F. (VB), 1953-58.

Biggs, R. A. (IVB), 1954-58.
Root, M. A. (IVB), 1954-58.
Folwell, J. R. (IIA), 1956-58.
Nightingale, S. D. (IIB), 1956-58.

* Prefect.

SALVETE

Priddy, V. (IA).

Simcox, P. S. (IIB).

There have been 328 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

President : J. M. Stewart.

Treasurer : Mrs. D. Taylor.

Secretary : C. Strain,
112, Hertford Road,
Alcester.

School Reunion

The annual Summer Reunion is being arranged for Saturday, July 19th. In the afternoon there will be tennis, starting at 2.30. Tea will be served at 5 o'clock at a charge of one shilling and sixpence. The reunion dinner will be at half past seven, the charge being five shillings.

At approximately 8.45 p.m. a presentation to the school will be made of a portrait of Mr. Ernest Wells to mark the fortieth anniversary of the Guild.

The remainder of the evening until midnight will be devoted to dancing and games in the hall. The committee have decided to make a charge of two shillings and sixpence to all Old Scholars arriving after dinner.

For this particular reunion, invitations are being sent out to all Old Scholars whose names are on record. But the committee wish it to be understood that all Old Scholars are welcome, whether they have been notified of the reunion or not.

Easter Dance

The Easter Dance held in the Alcester Town Hall on Tuesday, April 8th, was socially a success. It was especially gratifying to see such a large proportion of Old Scholars among those present. Owing to high expenses there was a small financial loss on the event.

September Dance

A dance will take place in the Memorial Hall, Great Alne, on Friday, September 5th, from 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. Music will be provided by the Moonrakers Band. Admission will be by ticket only. Tickets (5s. single) will be available at the reunion and from the Secretary and all committee members.

Committee Member

Betty Phillips has joined the Guild Committee as a member for Stratford.

BIRTHS

- On February 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Payne (née Meryl Tolman)—a son.
On April 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Allen (née Josephine Preston)—a son.
On May 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. N. Williams (née Natalie Smart)—a son.
On May 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Walkden (née Nancy Dales)—a daughter.

MARRIAGES

- On March 15th, at Welford-on-Avon, Brian Walter Slaughter (scholar 1944-48) to Clare Rosalind Martin.
On March 15th, at Alcester, Norman Fielding Jones to Ann Pye Chavasse (scholar 1946-49).
On March 26th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Arnold Henry Allen to Sheila Joy Tipping (scholar 1946-50).
On March 29th, at Alcester, Bryan John Shelton (scholar 1945-51) to June Rose Coles.
On March 29th, at Shottery, Donald Michael Iles to Jennifer Margaret Hammond (scholar 1945-50).
On April 5th, at Studley, Albert Eric Whiteman to Dorothy M. Jones (scholar 1939-44).
On April 5th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Michael Henri Lindsay to Catherine Olive Brazier (scholar 1949-54).
On April 5th, at Alveston, Michael R. Greville to Gillian Dawn Holmes (scholar 1946-52).
On April 26th, at Welford-on-Avon, Antony Charles Jackson to Patricia Fay Bott (scholar 1950-55).

- On May 3rd, at Singapore, Peter John Norden (scholar 1947-52) to Monica Amy Chugg.
On May 21st, at Astwood Bank, Leonard Hall to June Bough (scholar 1950-55).
On May 26th, at Headless Cross, Brian Watton (scholar 1947-52) to Eileen Mary Hadley.
On May 26th, at Alvechurch, J. W. Moss to Brenda N. Bubb (scholar 1946-47).

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

Mrs. R. Hughes has been appointed a member of the committee to select a team of women golfers to play in the Curtis Cup matches.

* * * *

Kathleen Highman, who has been training at Guy's Hospital, has passed the final examination for State Registered Nurses.

* * * *

H. E. Whitehouse is this year's Vice-Chairman of Alcester Rural District Council.

* * * *

D. W. Collett has been elected Chairman of Alcester Parish Council.

* * * *

In a football match played against the School on Saturday, March 29th, the Old Scholars were represented by J. Holifield, B. Miller, G. Pinfold, W. Hitchings, W. McCarthy, R. Parker, C. Buckley, B. White, T. Miller, P. Drew and T. Savage. The referee was A. Dalrymple, and the match resulted in a draw of two goals each.

* * * *

It is felt that there must be quite a number of Old Scholars, both recent and not so recent, who are out of touch with the School, but who would be interested in playing in some of the Old Scholars matches. If any such Old Scholars will contact T. Savage, at Homestead, Evesham Road, Astwood Bank, he will do his best to make arrangements for them.

* * * *

Forthcoming football matches already arranged are : December 6th, 1958, March 21st, 1959. It is hoped to arrange before the end of the present term a tennis match or social with the Staff.

* * * *

W. A. Partridge, who is Bishop of Nandyal, is at present on a visit to England to attend the Lambeth Conference.

* * * *

On Monday, June 16th, an Old Scholars' team met the School XI in a cricket match, which resulted in a victory for the Old Scholars by 119 runs to 25. The Old Scholars' side, which was two short, consisted of : W. McCarthy, W. Hitchings, P. Lane, P. Drew, J. Holifield, C. Buckley, H. Feast, A. Turner and T. Savage. The umpires were Mr. F. Petherbridge and Mr. B. Seed.

SCHOOL PASTIMES

During my long sojourn at this school, I have observed an amazingly varied assortment of ways with which students pass the breaks and dinner hours. Some of these are so unusual that they deserve to be recorded.

By far the most weirdly-named pastime was "Colchesters," so-called because the Latin name for Colchester, Camulodonum, bore a slight resemblance to the English word camel, while the three participants in each team formed themselves into a shape vaguely reminiscent of a camel. One stood at the front, one bent down behind him holding on for support, while the third leaped on board the previous two unfortunates. Then this third person was given a large piece of wood, about twelve feet long, with which he had to prod the rider of a similar group with the ultimate aim of bringing about its dissolution. On one occasion I, a hefty thirteen-stone or so, heaved myself onto a less vast pupil and yelled "Charge," whereupon my conveyance staggered about three steps, went into a convulsion and collapsed in a writhing mass, with shouts of "Get your foot out of my mouth!" and so forth.

These large pieces of wood also serve as cricket bats. They have now been gradually broken to a more reasonable size. Originally, however, they were vast vegetables with foliage at one end. Two batsmen were required to wield the implement; one at the thick leafless end to put it into motion, the other near the middle, vainly attempting to direct it towards the ball. It was a rule that the bat must not be dropped while the batsmen were running; they, therefore, attached themselves to either end of the "bat" and carried it à la "painter and exterior decorator."

A less physical means of wasting time prevalent in the Sixth Form is the construction of unreasonable sentences. Sixth formers stand in silent groups waiting for someone to produce a gem of wisdom such as "I'm so hungry I could eat n dinners where n is greater than one," or "What we need to mend the cricket nets is $8n$ hammers where n is equivalent to .125."

A new game which has been invented is "Satellites." This consists merely of running round in an ellipse, which is the scientific term for an imaginary flat, egg-shaped line tracing the course of something, so to speak. At the more sharply-pointed end the performer has to speed up, according to the habits of all well-trained satellites. This game is quite pointless apart from the fact that it passes time away.

The game for which this school is famous, however, is its improvised football. Each side consists of about twenty-five players, the selection of which has certain reservations, such as "We'll have Porky when he comes out of detention." Then the ball is placed on the field and huge masses of players charge round in an uncontrolled group becoming muddier and muddier.

From these few examples it may be seen that Alcester Grammar School has an unusually rare selection of pastimes, most of which are peculiar to that establishment.

D. E. SALE (VI).

THE LAW OF THE FOREST

The night was still and eerie. The trees cast their waving shadows across the lonely farmyard. The dog lay sleeping with one ear cocked and all around was quiet and peaceful.

Suddenly the watchdog stirred; both ears became erect; he raised himself on his front paws; then his whole body was raised. He ventured out of his kennel as far as his chain would allow and saw in the moonlit yard the gliding form of a vixen. He strained harder on the chain fixed over a nail on a post as the vixen noiselessly nosed around a tin in the yard and finally came to the dish holding the dog's food. The dog could restrain himself no longer as she began to eat his food and he barked loudly. The vixen looked up startled but, seeing that the dog could not reach her, went on eating. The dog barked, and pulled, and panted in frenzy. The vixen went on eating. The dog pulled harder and the nail bent. After a few more pulls the chain slipped over the nail's head. He was free. The startled vixen looked up as the dog, followed by his long chain, bore down on her. She turned and ran across the yard and began to twist in and out of the corn stooks in the next field, making for the edge of the forest. The dog went straight across the field and decreased the gap. The midnight chase went on among the dark trees. Over brushwood, through the thickets and water they dashed, both tiring but the dog gaining more ground. But misfortune overtook him as he chased the vixen over a fallen tree. A protruding branch caught the flying chain which wound round it and jerked the dog to a halt. He pulled hard but found he was securely tied, and panting heavily, watched the vixen race from view in the night.

The dog stood erect as he heard an animal prowling close by. His panting became hardly audible as the lynx gave another growl as she came into view. The tired, terror-stricken dog remained still as the lynx caught sight of him. Another growl escaped from the lynx's mouth as she came nearer. The dog could do nothing to prevent her from pouncing.

Before dawn the lynx made quite certain that he would never bark again.

MARIE PRICE (VA).

THIS IS MY LIFE

Plop! A penny came through the slot of the machine and I was pushed out into brilliant light where some hot sticky fingers tore me from my sister.

My first impression of the world was of tall concrete buildings, from which the sun glittered, reflected in the big glass windows of the buildings.

I only just had time to observe this when I was placed in a dark red cavern from which there appeared to be two openings: one looked out at the world and was surrounded by white hard things while the other was a gloomy red shute. After being waggled around a wet, red bed, I

was pulled from this cavern, past the white shiny rocky things, and placed on an envelope with some of my relations. A fist came thundering down on top of me and squashed my nose.

In case you have not already guessed I am a penny stamp, a lovely blue little square. Actually I am not a square, for my corner was torn off while I was being taken from my slot machine. After being stuck on the envelope I was pushed into a big black void where I landed on some envelopes very like the one on which I was stuck. I was soon gossiping with my neighbouring stamps and discovered that this black box was a letterbox. However, tired with my experiences, I fell asleep.

I awoke as I was pushed into a brown bag which was placed in a van and with a lot of noise off we went. Later I was turned out of the bag and a machine again squashed my face; then hands put me in various boxes and fingered me until at length I was again placed in a bag and sent by road to a noisy place which my envelope told me was a station. Here I was thrown here and flung there until I was hurled on to a hard floor where a gentle rocking and a quiet rumbling soon lulled me to sleep.

I was rudely awakened by being again thrown about; again there was a ride in a van and again the envelopes were sorted.

At length I was placed in a postman's bag and later was popped through a letter box. My letter was read and we, the envelope and I, were flung on the sideboard, since when we seem to have been forgotten.

KATHLEEN RENSHAW (IVA).

THE TRAINS WE MISSED

One day last summer my friend and I decided to go for an outing to Beckford, a small village about eighteen miles away. We went on the train, which was the quickest way of getting there.

We had an enjoyable morning, and early in the afternoon decided to get back home. We strolled down to the station, and arrived just in time to see the train pulling out. As there was not another train for an hour, we decided to take a bus to Evesham and to catch a train from there. We caught the bus and eventually arrived in Evesham.

We walked up to the station and bought the tickets. My friend said to me: "I've been on this train before; it goes from platform two." So we waited on platform two. Just before the departure time of our train, a train came alongside platform one. "Ours should be in soon," said my friend.

The train at platform one departed. Five minutes passed, and there was no sign of our train. Then a goods train stopped alongside our platform. A porter came up to us and asked: "Where are you lads for?"

"Broom Junction," replied my friend.

The porter looked startled. "The train's just gone!" he said. "You've missed it; you're on the wrong platform. It goes from platform one."

He walked away, laughing. I looked at my friend. "Typical of him," I thought, "a stubborn fool who thinks he knows everything." He apologised for his mistake, and then burst out laughing. I could not see what he was laughing at. Here we were, nine miles from home, with about a shilling between us. As there was no train for another three hours, we started walking. Nobody would give us a lift but, after about three miles, we caught a bus. This was not the end of our misfortunes. When we arrived in Bidford we had to walk a mile to get our bicycles from the station. I eventually arrived home with one halfpenny in my pocket. I shall never go on a train with that friend again.

D. BOWIE (IVB).

THE PIANO TUNER

He was a tall, thin man, and on his head, pulled down tight over his ears, was a green felt cap. He had thick, bushy eye-brows and deep-set eyes, a "Roman" nose and a thin, sensitive mouth. A long, khaki raincoat, now somewhat the worse for wear, adorned his person.

He rode a bicycle, and as he pushed it up the path, Mummy, who had seen him coming, opened the door.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," he said.

"Good afternoon," Mummy replied. "Am I expecting you?"

"I believe so, ma'm. You see, I've come to tune your piano."

"Oh, yes, of course!" exclaimed Mummy. "Please come along in."

Mummy took him into the living-room, and after a long account, from the tuner, of the state of the country, the way in which the world is run, the weather's peculiarities, and the shocking state of the roads, he began to take the piano apart.

Off came the front, the part below the keyboard, and the lid. Then he opened his little black bag, took out a tuning fork and various other tools, and began work. He started to play rapidly a four-octave scale, only stopping to adjust one or two notes to his tuning fork. After this he began to tune each note separately; a long and tedious process. When he had finished, he was very pleased to accept a cup of tea and some cake.

When he had told Mummy his views on the bus strike, the recent train collisions, and the ridiculous fashions women wear, he returned to the piano and began to play. He played all the latest tunes *and* some very ancient ones. Now and then he would stop abruptly, and begin to tamper with a note.

After another ten minutes had passed he slowly began to pack away his tools and put the piano "together" again. When he had finished, Mummy showed him to the door, and as she did so he remarked, "That's another good job of work done, ma'am, and I'll wager you'll find her as good as new!" After various other remarks on all the other pianos he had successfully tuned, he disappeared into the distance on his bicycle.

LINDA SAVAGE (IIIA).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Summer Term opened on Monday, April 21st, and closes on Friday, July 25th.

* * * *

A number of pupils between the ages of thirteen and sixteen have submitted essays on an imaginary holiday in Australia in a contest sponsored by the Rotary Clubs of Alcester and Brisbane, Australia.

* * * *

On the result of examinations taken last term, D. E. Sale has been offered a place at Worcester College, Oxford.

* * * *

A party of girls, with Miss Webley, visited an exhibition of needlework, held on Tuesday, May 20th, at Stratford-on-Avon Technical School.

* * * *

Towards the end of last term, two hockey matches were played between the girls' first XI and a boys' team. The first match ended in a goal-less draw, while the second resulted in a victory for the boys by four goals to nil.

* * * *

The French oral examinations were conducted on Friday, April 25th.

* * * *

Miss Grimshaw, a student at Worcester Training College, spent several weeks at school to gain experience in teaching cookery.

* * * *

The G.C.E. examinations start on June 23rd and continue until July 18th.

* * * *

A team of boys and girls competed in the South Warwickshire Athletic Sports on Saturday, June 14th.

* * * *

The School Sports Day will be on Tuesday, July 22nd.

* * * *

Half-term was Whit-week, May 26th—30th.

* * * *

New Prefects this term are Jones and Jennifer Weaver.

* * * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. B. Seed on the birth of a daughter in May.

* * * *

The School photograph was taken on Monday, June 16th.

* * * *

Mr. E. W. Alexander, who was a member of the Staff from 1920-23, died at Broadway on April 30th, after a long illness.

* * * *

We regret that we omitted last term from the list of former scholars now at the Universities the name of C. E. Buckley, who is at Birmingham University.

UNDERWATER LIFE

Deep down in the calm, blue lagoon, a lone diver swam through the twisting coral and strangely shaped water plants. Here and there beautifully coloured fish darted out of well-worn rocks. These, however, did not catch the eye of the swimmer, who was intent only on the huge dark shape which lay ahead of him amongst the rocks. As he approached he could make out a definite shape : it was the twisted wreck of an old sunken galleon.

The first thing that came to his mind was treasure, for many years ago pirates had terrorised this part of the coast of the Nicobar Islands.

He advanced cautiously with his loaded harpoon gun at the ready to face any fish that might swim from the wreck. On the deck there were many rusty cannon and cannon balls as well as old swords and muskets.

As the swimmer entered the cabin on the top deck, he saw a black shadow flash just below him. It was a baracuda, the most deadly of all the fish in the Indian Ocean.

A moment later the baracuda shot out of the cabin entrance straight at the swimmer. But the swimmer was too quick for him and with a flick of his flippers he neatly moved from its path. When the fish had swept past, the swimmer quickly raised his harpoon gun and fired at the fish.

The harpoon only grazed the fish, but a small trickle of blood came from it. Instantly a marauding pack of sharks attacked the baracuda and eventually killed it.

During the fight the diver was able to return to a waiting boat and safety. It would be a long time before he searched that wreck again.

K. ODELL (IIIA).

MY OTHER BICYCLE

During the last Easter holidays I was given an old bicycle to do up. It was a real gift, and I saw a way of making some extra money out of it.

For the next few days I was very busy taking the cycle to pieces and cleaning each part separately. On the Saturday morning I went to Stratford to get some parts and some paint, and in the afternoon I continued with my work and put the bicycle back together.

On the Monday morning and afternoon I painted it, and it looked very smart. Up to then my outlay had been only seven shillings and threepence, and I knew an advertisement in the local weekly newspaper would cost another three shillings.

The advertisement was in the next week's issue, and by the Friday evening I had sold my bicycle for two pounds ten shillings, a profit of one pound nineteen shillings and ninepence. I was very pleased with the result of my exertions.

D. HANCOX (IVA).

WITH SCIENTISTS AND ARTISTS

On Monday, March 31st, at 9.15 a.m., a luxurious coach purred into life and sped London-wards. This vehicle contained a party of Fifth and Sixth Formers who were bent on spending a pleasant day exploring the depths of science and art in the Kensington Science Museum, and the National and Tate Galleries.

On the journey, time was whiled away by reading novels, eating chocolate-covered peanuts, tapping out an exotic rhythm to some tune on "Housewives' Choice," or having a little nap. One or two more ambitious voyagers extracted from paper-bags wool, needles and patterns, intent on knitting raincoats for teddy bears or something of the kind. Some boys, having "borrowed" lengths of wool, proceeded to make cat's cradles, but ended up by doing an escapology act.

The coach stopped at High Wycombe at 11.30, when we ate our lunch.

On arriving in London, the Arts people alighted from the coach, while the Science half continued to the Albert Hall, and thence on foot to the Museum.

The artists, whose voices were subdued to whispers, went to the National Gallery, where they saw pictures by Renaissance artists, and by the Spanish artists El Greco and Velasquez, which were much admired for their beauty and grandeur. In both the Tate and the National Gallery stools were provided at lecture time: these were collapsible, and were carried around with one to each picture in turn. One felt very self-conscious at first, because of the awkward things. At the Tate Gallery were seen paintings by the French Impressionists, and some modern paintings, which were very colourful and rather amusing. The most striking picture in this gallery was one by Gauguin depicting two Tahitians sitting on the floor of a simple hut. Such a wonderfully simple picture contrasts immediately with the most beautiful picture in the National Gallery. This was Leonardo da Vinci's "The Virgin of the Rocks," of which the colouring was so beautifully subdued, suggesting a cool grotto. The structure of the rocks and plants, and of the bones and muscles of the figures, was carefully studied and drawn, and the faces of the figures had the mysterious half-smile characteristic of the "Mona Lisa." In spite of the gross simplicity of the two Tahitians in the Tate Gallery, one could sense, immediately, that they were real people.

Meanwhile, the Scientists had pushed open the swing doors and had entered the Science Museum. They at once found themselves surrounded by bicycles, steam-engines, cars, motor-bikes, and so on. They all dispersed to explore the realms of science until five o'clock.

Everyone had a glorious time, pushing buttons and turning handles to their heart's content. We were impressed with the model of a coal mine. Some members of the party tried to foil a device which, with a photo-electric mechanism, opened a door when someone walked through the beam. Some people were seen to crawl under it, jump over it, zip through it at (*n*) m.p.h., and try numerous other means to evade the

persistent beam. We were not at a loss to know the time as an automatic speaking clock (TIM) was installed in the building. Another striking spectacle was the Watt-Boulton engine, which nearly reached the ceiling and had a flywheel twelve feet in diameter. (It was powered artificially.)

After a wonderful afternoon, the Artists and Scientists re-combined and went to a Lyon's self-service restaurant for a sumptuous tea! 'Twas then, alas, we lost a member (who shall remain anonymous!). But a search party (Mr. Hadwen) found him, poor lad, and we climbed aboard the coach. Apart from a stop at High Wycombe, "nothing" of much interest happened on the return journey, and we arrived safe and sound at half-past ten.

We are deeply grateful to Mr. Hadwen and Miss Simm for the organisation of the whole trip.

EILEEN MOORE and D. LANCASTER.

CHAMPAGNE

A year ago, on a visit to France, I was lucky enough to be taken to the champagne cellars at Reims and Epernay. As I passed through this district I was struck by the beauty and solemnity of the vineyards, which stretch over the mountains for as far as the eye can see. On my visit to Epernay we toured the cellars in small electrically-driven trucks which passed, temptingly near, cases of champagne. We covered eighteen kilometres underground that day; it was a really thrilling and interesting experience.

About a week later, my French friend and I decided to visit the champagne cellars at Reims. As I had not quite understood the previous guide's very quickly-spoken explanation of how champagne was made, I was pleasantly surprised when a coachload of English schoolboys turned up with a master who was to translate the guide's explanation. So we went down into the depths of the cold and musty cellars, which are cut out of the calcareous rock. I learnt that champagne is the result of a peculiar treatment during fermentation. In December the wine is raked off and fined with isinglass, and in March it is bottled and tightly corked. The fermentation being incomplete when the wine is bottled, the carbon dioxide gas generated in a confined space communicates the sparkling property to champagne. To clear the wine of sediment, the bottles are first placed in a sloping position with the necks downwards so that the sediment may be deposited in the necks of the bottles. When this sediment has been poured off, some portion of a solution of sugar-candy in cognac is added to the wine, and every bottle is filled up with a bright clarified wine, and securely re-corked.

How nice a glass of champagne is! As I feel the sparkling in my throat I am reminded of how in Reims and Epernay I saw, and was told, how they put the sparkle into champagne.

ANNE HEYES (VA).

FIRST FLIGHT

For many weeks now my father and my brother Peter have been spending their leisure hours building model aircraft. Their latest accomplishment is a 64in. wing-spanned model called "The Monocoupe," which, after having taken so long a time to build, my father was anxious to see in flight.

Alas, the weather was against him, and it was not until a warm evening in April that he was able to see his wish granted. Having loaded the car with the various things necessary for flying, we journeyed to nearby Wellesbourne aerodrome, where the model enthusiasts meet to fly their planes.

Firstly, the model has to be checked for its glide, after which its diesel engine is started and its fin set correctly for the plane to turn.

With these things done, Dad released the "Monocoupe" and sent it down the runway. It didn't take off! A second time he tried, with the same result. Then, declaring that this must definitely be the last time, he started the engine and sent off his plane. Joys of joys! It was airborne, and I cannot describe the radiance on his face as it slowly climbed into the sky.

PAULINE DOWNING (III_B).

A PLEASURE TO THE EYE

One day my friend and I were walking along the bank of the river when it suddenly occurred to me that the whole area looked more beautiful than I had ever seen it before, although I had walked that way many times previously.

The sun was shining high above the ground, while a few white clouds floated slowly and peacefully across a clear blue sky. About seventy yards from the river bank there rose steeply a high bank of earth dotted with the remains of many rabbit warrens, and near the summit of the bank there rose several small trees which, as we looked upwards, appeared like a coronet on a forehead.

On the opposite bank of the river the water meadows stretched unbroken for almost half a mile, dotted here and there with small clumps of trees. About one hundred yards ahead of us was the wide lip of the weir and at its far side the seventeenth century old stone mill. The water flowed gently to the lip of the waterfall, but was then flung in every direction, causing a spray for many yards around.

The old mill, the lower part of stone and the second storey of wattle and daub, looks strangely solid. The old mill wheel, now unused, has fallen into disrepair because of disuse, and no-one is interested enough to repair it. Opposite the mill is a thickly-wooded island which was formed by the collapse of an ancient bridge.

This island is very small, but it so fits into the mood of the rest of the area, especially when the sun is shining, that this surely must be one of the most beautiful parts of the British countryside.

P. RUSSELL (V_B).

TO WEMBLEY AND BACK

On Saturday, March 8th, 1958, a party of fifty girls, with Miss Daykin, Miss Simm and Miss Baird, went by coach to London to see the women's hockey international between England and Scotland.

By 9.30 a.m. the last passenger had been collected, and the coach continued towards Oxford. It stopped at Woodstock, and most of the passengers spent five minutes exploring the side streets. Some began to spend their money, with the result that two members of the party were very nearly left behind.

Back on the warm, comfortable coach, some regaled themselves with "Tizer," others with coffee. "Saturday Skiffle" blared forth, to the delight of the hand-jivers. Skiffle was later replaced by a programme of "pops." These were sung at least five times each, and would probably have been repeated yet again had the singers not been suddenly assailed by hunger. Huge piles of sandwiches were immediately produced, and disappeared with equal rapidity. Shortly afterwards there was a halt at "The Harrow," Studley Green, where those who needed to do so restocked their lunch containers.

The coach arrived at Wembley about 1.30 p.m. Enthusiastic English supporters fell over each other to buy handsome red-and-white rosettes, and an equally enthusiastic salesman actually hauled himself into the coach and distributed programmes. Most of the Welsh members of the party supported Scotland, while one member compromised by sporting both an English rosette *and* a Scottish one. Considerable ingenuity was shown in finding places to which to attach the rosettes.

Finally the A.G.S. party entered the building, which is massive. There seemed to be hundreds of entrances and stairs, but Entrance F was located and, having passed through a narrow turn-gate, everyone climbed two steep flights of steps. From the top of these the first breathtaking view of the stadium could be seen. Eventually the right block of seats was occupied, and with rugs tucked tightly round them, everyone prepared to enjoy the afternoon.

Already thousands of children were cheering the band of the Scots Guards who, assisted by six pipers from the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and the band of the Women's Royal Army Corps, were providing a programme of music.

The cheers were deafening when the TV cameras appeared, but they were at least trebled when Peter West also appeared. He seemed to be quite accustomed to this reception, and waved gaily to the rows of cheering girls who watched eagerly, some doubtless enviously, as he interviewed a number of spectators.

From 2.30 to 2.50 p.m. there was community singing—among the songs were "Jolly good company," "She'll be coming round the mountain," "Tammy," and "Land of hope and glory." The conductor seemed particularly fond of "The Happy Wanderer," with the result that this was sung at least four times.

The bands eventually marched out of the arena, and the teams, led by their captains, marched in. The English team wore white blazers, red shorts, and socks, and the Scottish team wore mauve blazers, tunics, and stockings. The teams were presented to Lord Strathclyde, Minister of State for Scotland. Everyone stood in silence for the National Anthem.

The match began at 3.0 p.m. Everyone had been instructed to watch carefully the player who played her own particular position. This proved to be very difficult, unless the position was wing or goalkeeper, for the players changed their positions very frequently in the centre of the pitch. The stick-work, roll-ons, and speed of the game were most impressive, and the strength of the players could not be doubted when one stick cracked into two. Its owner was not in the least perturbed and, quickly collecting another from a lineswoman, continued to do battle. There were several accidents, but fortunately the wounded were all fit to carry on playing after a very brief respite. There was great cheering and waving of scarves, programmes and song-sheets when England scored, and this was repeated when Scotland replied. The final score was England 5, Scotland 2. At the end of the match the National Anthem was again played, and the teams left the arena amid thunderous applause.

When all were again aboard, the coach began to wend its way towards the gates. Its slow progress provided an opportunity for looking at the uniforms of other schools. Some people particularly admired some long, flowing cloaks of blue and red, but all agreed that the orange three-quarter length socks of one school were hideous.

During the next twenty-five minutes the coach went on towards the centre of London. Some of the party then visited the Tate Gallery, while the remainder went for a short tour of the city centre, which was particularly interesting for those who had not previously visited London.

Then the journey home commenced. Inside the coach, community singing began again, and outside snow began to fall. Gradually everyone became tired—three people completely disappeared beneath a rug. The lights were carefully dimmed with the aid of convenient articles. Just before the coach again stopped at "The Harrow" several people seemed to have mislaid their belongings, but these were soon found and restored to their owners. Three inches of snow at Studley Green reminded everyone that winter had not yet ended . . .

The coach stopped again at Shipston, then continued on until, three miles from Stratford, it suddenly turned down a dark, narrow lane, much to the amazement of the passengers. However, it soon turned round, with some difficulty, and returned to the main road with one passenger less.

Stratford was reached about 10 p.m., and the coach ended its journey via Alcester and Redditch.

Everyone who went on this outing would like to thank Miss Daykin for a most enjoyable day.

GILLIAN CLEWS (VA).

OUR SCHOOL THIRTY YEARS AGO

It is hard to believe how times have changed since our parents were at school about 30 years ago.

The uniforms in those days were quite different. The girls wore white blouses, box-pleated gym tunics with braid sashes, and long, black stockings. This costume was worn winter and summer; no cotton frocks for the summer term in those days and, believe it or not, this costume was also worn for physical training.

The school and its activities have also changed. On Sports Day, the girls were obliged to confine their activities to needlework, cookery and art, as they were not allowed to compete in the sports. Dinners were not provided by the 'School Meals' Service, but by the Headmaster, and they were served in the room which is now Form IIb's room. Art lessons were frequently interrupted by the sounds of piano practising from the present Sixth Form private-study room, and the singing of nursery rhymes from the present Fourth Form room, where the preparatory section of the school, consisting of one class (about twenty-five pupils in all) was having its activity lesson.

Most of the pupils lived near the school, and those who lived at a distance had to come by train, service buses or by bicycle, as no school buses were provided.

The Scouts were very active in those days, and each year a grand Scout concert was held in the hall, and one or two girls who were invited to take part felt very honoured.

MONICA HEMMING (VA).

PUCK AND PRICKLES

Puck and Prickles are two pets of mine. Puck is a wire-haired fox terrier two years old, and very playful. When he was a puppy he used to take an old slipper to the bottom of the garden and shake the life out of it. His coat is curly white, with a black patch on his back and on his forehead.

Prickles is a hedgehog, and has long, grey prickly spines. He curls up into a ball at any threat of attack. Brian, my brother, saved Prickles from being killed when he was quite young. Brian saw him being stoned by young boys who thought it was fun. Now Brian and I share Prickles, but Puck is my own, for I had him for my birthday.

Puck always keeps out of the way of Prickles. When Prickles first arrived, Puck, being inquisitive, wanted to know what this queer thing was, so he sniffed it and then touched it with his nose. This made the hedgehog curl up and prick Puck. Surprised, Puck jumped away and ran into the house, whining at his hurt nose.

I always put their dishes of food fairly near to one another, but Puck always manages to push his dish farther away from Prickles. I wonder why?

ROBERTA LORD (IIb.)

OLLA PODRIDA

At the present time, says L.S., Alcester is roughly divided into two halves; these quarters are joined by the main road.

* * * *

Horatius, writes S.R., bravely held the bride against the army of Lars Porsenna.

* * * *

M.B. informs us that there was a white powder left, with black specs on.

* * * *

According to V.P., Charles I collected ship-taxis.

* * * *

When Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall and broke, he was, says H.L., an element, because he was still an egg.

* * * *

D.C. tells us to pass the gas over Canadian pentoxide.

* * * *

Through cannibalism and piracy the South Sea Islands have seen their share of the world's warfare, writes N.S. However, missionaries were sent there, and they are now among the most expensive holiday resorts.

* * * *

T.S. thinks that the Virginians were very lucky to make a safe landing in Cheesecake Bay.

* * * *

P.D. states that the widow gave all that she had wilfully.

* * * *

A.T. took a dilute solution of water.

* * * *

On the authority of IVB, there is among the people of Spain a very high percentage of illitracy (illitracey, illitricity)!

* * * *

In vicem requiescere—to seek again in the street.

* * * *

Snakes have lost their two limbs, writes a IIA biologist, in the cause of evolution.

SATURDAY MORNING AT THE SMITHY

The hammer clangs and the sparks fly,
 The old mare neighs to the passers by.
 The blacksmith hums a merry tune;
 The shoes, he hopes, will be ready by noon.
 A cob impatiently waits his turn
 And lazily watches the coke fire burn.
 The stale smoke rises as a soft wind blows,
 While the farmer pats the old mare's nose.

ANGELA BAILEY (IIA).

STORM

It is more than thirteen years now since she first came to live with us. She was a large, golden and white puppy with soft eyes and a waving tail. We have forgotten why we called her Storm; perhaps it was because it was on a stormy day that she arrived at our house. She is one of the family now. Her life centres on us.

Her puppies have been the loveliest things imaginable, warm, golden brown in colour, with wrinkled faces like live teddy bears. Although she is old now, and not as lively as formerly, she still loves a walk, even if she does go much more slowly than she used to.

Among her large repertoire of tricks, the gooseberry one is the most amusing. She used to watch with great interest when we picked gooseberries. One day, with great care, she tried it herself, and since that day she has been an ardent gooseberry fan.

She has lived with us ever since I can remember, and life would not be the same without her ponderous, genial shape looming up to meet us when we return from school. Her days are numbered now; the summers are too hot for her, the winters too cold. We shall be sorry when she has gone, for we all agree that Storm is the world's best dog.

SHEILA SHEPPARD (IVa).

"THE GHOST THAT WASN'T"

In the August holidays of last year, my father, mother and myself went to stay with my aunt. She lives in a large manor house called Redbrooke Manor, in Yorkshire. Redbrooke Manor is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of a priest who, when staying there, was stabbed to death on the staircase of the dining-room.

We arrived on a very sunny day and were greeted by my aunt, who appeared to be worried. She said that for the past month there had been strange things happening at the manor. First of all, her favourite Siamese cat had mysteriously disappeared and had not yet returned, and a few days later there had been strange noises in the cellars.

At night, when Lynda, my cousin, and I were going along the balcony, we heard a strange noise coming from the cellars below us. On hearing this noise, Lynda suggested we should go down and explore the cellars. So, with a powerful electric torch, we went silently down the steps. Cautiously pushing open the door we heard a faint miaouw coming from the corner of the cellars. Shining the light in that direction, we saw my aunt's cat sitting on a pile of sacks and with her were six beautiful Siamese kittens.

Quickly we ran and told my aunt, and when I left the manor she gave me one of the kittens, which I christened "Smokey." I still have him, but he is now a fully-grown cat.

LYNNE TYLER (IIb).

THE CLIMBER

Completely unaware that he was under observation, the climber paused in his ascent of the seemingly impossibly-thin cord by which he was suspended from the lip of the cave above, and rested on a little rocky shelf that jutted out from the face of the rock. The longest and most difficult stretch was to come, and the presence of the ledge afforded a much-needed resting-place, where he could ease tired muscles and muster his strength for the test of endurance to come.

The watcher's eyes sharpened as the climber, now rested, swung off the rock-shelf and continued his ascent, moving slowly up the cord. There came a sudden gust of wind; the climber temporarily lost his hold, slipped downwards, and hung, swinging, from the cord. He remained for a moment, then began once again to climb, but the violence of the rising wind made progress a matter of inches at a time.

Once again the climber lost his hold, slipped, and lost a little height, but continued his effort, while the watcher looked through narrowed eyes, tasting with the climber the bitterness of defeat, and thrilling at the showing of perseverance in the face of great odds.

Inch by inch the climber neared his goal, swinging from side to side as the wind swirled around him. With anxious eyes the watcher noted the almost imperceptible progress with an anxiety that reached fever pitch and almost made him cry out aloud, "Hold on! Hold on! You're nearly there."

The climber appeared to halt, then, making a final effort, trembled for one agonising moment upon the brink, then scrambled to safety, while the watcher applauded this demonstration, and reached a decision that made history.

For the climber was a spider; the watcher, Robert the Bruce.

A. W. TURNER (IVB).

RINKY

I was doing my Latin homework on the night of February 17th. Then, thud . . . ! The dog barked, I leapt to my feet and dashed outside. My guess was correct—a bird had hit the window. I scrutinised the bird, which was a blue-tit. He was "out cold." Then I saw his ring, giving him his name, Rinky.

It had on it the number E.88843 and British Museum London S.W.7. I brought the bird in, and when he revived it was dark and I could not let him go. I put him in an old bird cage for the night. I set him free in the morning. A week later he arrived back and went into a nesting box which I had hung out. Soon he came regularly every evening at six o'clock and roosted in the box.

Tragedy! One night he did not come, nor the next. Then on April 23rd, four days later, we knew why. Out in the field near our house hung a dead blue-tit. It was hanging on a thorn by his ring, of which the number was E.88843. I buried him, and sadly left a dead friend, Rinky.

B. WIMLETT (IIIA).

SIXTH FORM NOTES

The Sixth Form, in its upper regions, has been overshadowed by the "monstrous crow" of "A" and "S" level examinations, which when this article appears will have been attempted for better or worse. Maybe it is in anticipation of these exams. that various members of the Sixth Form have been heard to utter the words, "Oh, dear, dear!" from time to time. We can think of no other explanation.

The tennis court which the Sixth uses has been utilised fairly consistently throughout the term, though not by those who really *need* the practice. They invariably spend more time collecting lost and "netted" balls than hitting them.

The social life of the Sixth has resolved into the games of tennis after school on Monday evenings. The majority of the Sixth Form play, but the technique and speed of some make it dangerous to be too near them.

Several people have been away through illness this term, mainly only for one or two days, notable one Romeo with a new hair-style.

The favourite ejaculation of the moment seems to be "Olé," pronounced either "au lait" or "ole" (as in hole) . . . Another ejaculation, gleaned from an expert on engineering and German military vehicles, is "hombre." We are informed from a reliable source that this can mean anything from "Help!" to "Goodness gracious, great balls of fire."

Apart from the fact that Sixth-formers go about asking each other to play "Little Red Steamboat," only one other incident has livened the rather hum-drum existence of the Sixth this term. This is the fact that the wireless now works! The thanks of all followers of Test cricket go to the electrical geniuses who performed this miracle. The latest scores can now be published all down the school to eager enthusiasts.

As these notes are being written very soon after half-term, events of import which occur in the second half of the term will no doubt be included in the Sixth Form Notes of next year.

A. JONES and M. BAILEY.

A SMALL CHILD'S EARLY-MORNING THOUGHTS

I've slept as peacefully as can be,
No horrid dreams have bothered me.
Dad and Mum slept through the night,
They're sleeping now, but it is light.

I'll wake them up, or at least I'll try;
I'm hungry, too, why shouldn't I?
Oh! for a biscuit or even a cake,
I wouldn't be eating just for greed's sake.

I'd love to eat that chocolate cake
That I heard Mum say that she's going to bake.
I'm a little thirsty, so perhaps some pop,
Or maybe milk, but just a drop.

I wish I could wake them, oh! but how?
The alarm clock is ringing, they *will* wake now.
Oh, good! my minutes of need are past,
And I shall have some food at last.

PATRICIA SHERLOCK (IIA).

THE NEW PET

One day, not long ago, my two friends and I were out for a walk when we came upon a small hedgehog lying in the grass at the side of the path. He was partially hidden under the hedge, but Jean's sharp eyes spotted him. She said that we ought to take him home and look after him, as it looked as if he was abandoned, and if we left him there he would surely die. I managed to pick him up as his spines were very soft, because he was a baby. We took him to Helen's house, and on the way we argued as to what we would call him.

On arrival, Helen found a large box in which she put some straw. Then I carefully placed him on the straw and covered him with an old sack, while Jean and Helen went into the kitchen to prepare some bread and milk, for we did not know what else hedgehogs ate. They returned to find Prickles, as we had eventually named our pet, slowly and carefully exploring his abode. I took a small teaspoon and put on it some of the supper we had provided for Prickles, steadily easing it towards his very small mouth. He was very funny to watch, sitting on the straw, trying to cope with the bread and milk, while a small trickle ran down his nose. In time he finished his supper, then we covered him with the sack and left him to have his "beauty sleep."

As the days went by, Prickles grew rapidly, eating enormous meals for a small hedgehog. We took it in turns to feed him and see that he had clean straw. Then, one day, after he had been with us for almost a month, Prickles left. On Tuesday night we left him in his box to sleep, and early next morning he was gone. Only a small hole in the side of the box which had been his home showed us where our pet had escaped, and we have never seen him since.

ROSEMARY BARTLETT (IIA).

THE WATERFALL

Gurgling, bubbling, gushing and splashing,
There goes the waterfall madly dashing,
Over rocks, clefts and pebbly heaps,
It splashes them all and wildly leaps.
Flashing and sparkling and laughing with glee,
It hurries along, so gay and so free,
Down, through and over, it rushes along,
Singing aloud a watery song.
Into the pool below it roars,
Bubbling and bubbling on sandy floors.
Splashing and gurgling, it laughs all the time,
And it seems to be shouting a bubbly rhyme.

CYNTHIA HIGLEY (VB).

THE SQUIRREL

The squirrel has a curly tail,
As curly as can be,
And for a home he has a house
Up in a leafy tree.
His coat is brown and shiny,
He hunts for nuts all day,
And when he's got a little store
He hides them all away.
He has a brother, so I'm told,
Who has a coat of grey,
And does a lot of damage,
But is very blithe and gay.

ELIZABETH COLEGATE (IA).

MOTHER TAKES UP DRESSMAKING

Not long ago my mother started attending a dressmaking class. Ever since then the rug has been littered with cottons and the chairs covered with various sections of dresses. If we ever want to look at television, mother decides to use the electric sewing machine, which makes the picture look like a snowstorm. More often than not, if dad sinks into a chair, he leaps up immediately with an agonising yell, vowing vengeance on this sewing caper.

When we feel like any supper, mother decides to use the iron, so we have to wait. If mother is making a dress for me or herself I have to stand on the table like a dressmaker's dummy so that she can get the hem level, even if I am in the middle of my homework.

KAREN DAY (IB).

A LIFE-SAVING ADVENTURE

A True Story

In the Whitsun holiday, I stayed for the week with my friend. On Tuesday, as we were walking along the road over a canal bridge, we met some little boys, who asked us to get their ball out of the water. So Susan went under the bridge and reached out for the ball; then she slipped and fell in. For a moment I did not know what to do, so I turned round, because I was afraid to look. Susan had gone under and come up again, but I was too late to grab her. She went under the water again and got her ankles stuck in the mud at the bottom. She reached up her hand as far as she could. I grabbed her hand and pulled her out. All that night I was very upset, but Susan thought it funny.

LORRAINE ROTH (IB).

THE BUDGERIGAR

The budgerigar sings in his bright red cage,
He quite often gets in such a rage.
He natters and squawks and tries to speak,
Which sounds to me like some sort of cheek.

His head is white, with a few blue feathers,
He always seems happy, whatever the weather.
His feet are wide, and his tail is long,
While he preens his feathers he bursts into song.

His eyes are yellow and so very bright,
When he flaps his wings he looks such a sight,
For they go round and round, up and down;
As soon as he finishes he begins to clown.

When he is out and flying around,
He very rarely makes a sound,
He lands on the rod over the fire,
And when he goes in he lands on his wire.

P. WILKES (IIB).

THE FIELD CLUB

Generally, this term the weather has been kind to us and most members are able at last to occupy themselves in the open air, although they are required to classify their specimens in the laboratory and note the results of their excursions.

Those studying fungi and conifers have settled into a routine, and we are often surprised by their specimens and the history attached to them. The associated group studying flowers are finding more work to do as flowers become more abundant.

The smaller groups studying bird-life and agriculture are more often outside, particularly the bird-watchers, who make their notes on the job. The agriculturalists seem to spend most of the time reading magazines and visiting various farms.

The mammalian study group has been devoting its time to the completion of the badger skeleton, although the most optimistic members cannot imagine it finished prior to the examinations.

Members of the Photographic Society visited us again this term and several prints have been made.

D. SHEPPARD.

CALLERS

The number of people that come to our door,
It really is quite trying.
Every time the doorbell goes,
I get up, always sighing.

First the milkman on his rounds,
"How much milk to-day?"
Then the postman standing there,
With a letter on which to pay.

Next the baker who bangs the door,
With his basket full of bread.
Then the scrap man with his truck,
Collecting iron and lead.

I grumble and grouse when I hear the bell,
But what if there were no one to call,
No one to beg, no one to sell?
I don't think I should like it at all.

CHRISTINE JARRETT (IIB).

DRESSING UP

Dressing up is such good fun:
We put on fancy bows,
Feathered hats and long silk gowns,
And shoes with peep-out toes.

Lipstick, powder, perfume, too,
Necklaces and rings,
Mummy's yellow, long-sleeved gloves,
And all her best-loved things.

Now we're ready, out we go,
Parading down the street.
We make believe that we're grown up,
I'm sure we must look sweet.

But now it's nearly bedtime,
So we pack our things away
Safely in a cupboard
For play another day.

LESLEY BATES (IA).

THE CHESS CLUB

Secretary: D. Chambers.

Treasurer: P. Latham.

This term the Chess Club has been running uninterruptedly and we were pleased to have Mr. Thornton back after his absence last term. The league, now almost completed, is the centre of interest, where Chambers leads from Fridman and Stallard. In the ladder, Fridman leads from Curnock and Chambers. The knock-out competition was won by Chambers, who beat Nield in the final. We have arranged a chess competition with the Sixth Form immediately after the exams. Each team will consist of nine players.

D. CHAMBERS.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Owing to the better weather we have used our cameras much more this term. We have concentrated mainly on the buildings of Alcester and also on the River Arrow.

We have, in addition, done some developing, printing and enlarging, and have obtained satisfactory results.

M. J. ROUSE.

SCOUTS

This year, over £5 was collected in the annual "Bob-a-Job" campaign. Taylor, of IIIB, collected eighteen shillings, the highest amount, thus winning the prize for the largest contribution.

The West Warwickshire Boy Scouts' and Cubs' Association held their first annual sports at Henley-in-Arden on May 17th, 1958. Eight Troops competed for the shield. The final results were: 1, 1st Alcester Grammar School; 2, 1st Henley-in-Arden; 3, 1st Studley Troop. The coach was paid for by money collected during "Bob-a-Job" week.

A. E. HOPKINS.

TENNIS

Captain: J. Holt.

The tennis team has been very successful so far this season, as out of five matches played three have been won on a good margin of points. These outstanding victories are much to the team's credit, as half the players are taken from the Middle School.

As there was strong opposition in the match against Studley College, our team gained valuable experience.

The weather has been favourable, and practices have been held regularly on Tuesdays and Thursdays after school hours. These have been enthusiastically attended not only by the members of the team, but also by promising prospective players. The School is represented by J. Holt, C. Baylis, J. Barnsdale, B. Jones, J. Pirie, M. Wilks, E. Ison, S. Dyson and M. Hemming.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st VI v. Stourbridge C.H.S. (away), lost, 4 matches—5.
" v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won, 9 matches—0.
" v. Studley College (away), lost, 1 match—4.
" v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), won, 7 matches—2.
" v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 8 matches—1.

J. HOLT.

ROUNDERS

Practices have been held twice a week this term during dinner-times, and there has been one practice after school. Members of the Lower School have attended enthusiastically and several of them show promise.

Although there are a number of last year's players left in the first team, it is not up to last year's standard. Considerable batting practice is needed, and the fielding also needs improvement. The first two matches, against Hugh Clopton and Redditch High School, were lost, but the second and Under-15 teams have been more successful.

The fact that tennis and rounders matches are played together limits the choice of players, since some girls who used to play rounders for the school have now been transferred to the tennis team.

The teams have included—1st: E. Ison, W. Yates, E. Smith, E. Coveney, A. Ashton, S. Dyson, R. Wright, C. Smith, J. Burford, M. Price, M. Pope, M. Wilks, A. Pinfield; 2nd and Under-15: M. Pope, J. Duxbury, M. Price, W. Wright, M. Simpson, R. Patterson, S. Ingram, A. Grummett, A. Pinfield, P. Ison, E. Coveney, J. Cartmale, J. Ward, H. Parker, C. Smith, R. Wright, P. Jones, E. Gardner, K. Day, N. Crook, P. Downing.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st IX v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), lost, 2—4½.
 v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost, 1—4.
 A.G.S. 2nd IX v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), won, 6—4.
 A.G.S. Under-15 IX v. Stourbridge C.H.S. (away), lost, 1½—6½.
 " v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won, 2½—1½.
 " v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost, 1—2.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following details complete the reports of winter games for the season 1957-58:—

FOOTBALL

A.G.S. 1st XI v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost, 2—5.
 " v. Worcester T.H.S. (home), drawn, 1—1.
 " v. Tewkesbury G.S. (home), lost, 0—1.
 " v. Old Scholars (home), drawn, 2—2.
 A.G.S. Under-15 XI v. Lodge Farm S.M.S. (away), drawn, 1—1.
 " v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home), lost, 1—3.
 " v. Tewkesbury G.S. (home), lost, 1—5.
 " v. Studley S.M.S. (away), lost, 0—9.
 SIDES: Tomtits 2, Jackals 1; Jackals 7, Brownies 0; Tomtits 14, Brownies 0.
 SIDES (Junior): Jackals 2, Tomtits 0; Jackals 2, Brownies 1; Brownies 4, Tomtits 2.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
A.G.S. 1st XI	16	2	4	10	23	40
A.G.S. Under-15 XI	9	0	2	7	10	44

Colours were awarded to Rouse, Bailey, Cotter, Mills ii, Wheeler.

HOCKEY

A.G.S. 1st XI v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), drawn, 2—2.
 A.G.S. 2nd XI v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won, 4—3.
 SIDES: Brownies 1, Jackals 1; Jackals 2, Tomtits 0; Brownies 3, Tomtits 0.
 SIDES (Junior): Jackals 3, Brownies 0; Jackals 3, Tomtits 0; Tomtits 2, Brownies 0.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
A.G.S. 1st XI	9	3	1	5	17	35
A.G.S. 2nd XI	7	1	0	6	9	32

Colours were awarded to Janet Bullock, Jill Burford, Mary Norden, Barbara Jones, Margaret Millward.

NETBALL

SIDES: Jackals 4, Brownies 2; Jackals 1, Tomtits 1; Brownies 5, Tomtits 3.
 SIDES (Junior): Brownies 1, Jackals 1; Tomtits 4, Jackals 0; Tomtits 6, Brownies 4.
 Colours were awarded to Jean Pirie.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per copy : One shilling and a penny.

By post : Four shillings, post free, payable in advance, for any three consecutive issues.